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CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL



Giovanni Battista Tiepolo

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI



THE CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

OTTAWA, CANADA



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Plates courtesy of the National Gallery of Canada

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Edmund Henneberry sang and played when dances were held in Devil's Island light-house between Christmas and New Year's Day.

Bollinger

Fiddles, Folk-Songs, and Fishermen's Yarns

by HELEN CREIGHTON

Photographs by author except where otherwise credited

ENOS HARTLAN came to the door in answer to my knock. He was a slight man with wispy hair and moustache, alert blue eyes, and the courtliness of manner that I so often find in my folk-singers. I said,

"I hear you sing old songs down here", and he replied in a somewhat rasping voice,

"We don't sing nothin' else."

That was in the year 1928, and Mr. Hartlan was the first folk-singer I had interviewed. If I had asked him for a folk-song he would have wondered what I was talking about. But he understood the expression an *old* song and he responded immediately.

"See them stars in the sky?" he said, pointing upwards.

"As many stars as there are up there, that's as many songs as I used to know, but now me teeth is gone and me voice is rusty."

Nevertheless, he sang many a fine song, including one of exceptional beauty, *When I Was In My Prime*.

Mr. Hartlan lived at what is now Devil's Battery, at the eastern approach to Halifax Harbour, just ten miles from my home at Dartmouth. In those days he and his family had a fair-sized estate on which stood a "haunted house" of which they were very proud. It was a weather-beaten, unpainted structure made from wood washed ashore from wrecks. I was told that it had been abandoned on account of the disturbances caused by the phantom that haunted it. The family had built other dwellings nearby, around which the sea fog curled in ghostly mystery, while not far below the waves of the Atlantic Ocean broke upon the shore.

Enos' mother was English, and it was from her side of the house that the songs had come down. Songs were all I had expected to find.

His father, however, was German, and from that side of the family Enos had inherited a great fund of superstition, which included tales of ghosts, witches, and buried treasure. A whole new world of thought opened to me, bewildering at first; but I could never have found better teachers than Enos and his brother, Richard. I jotted down their tales and discovered that every item, no matter how fantastic, had its roots in ancient folklore. As my research expanded, I found these tales and beliefs existing in varying degrees all along the Nova Scotia coastline. Since 1947, when I started working for the staff of the National Museum of Canada, I have kept an index card file of the place and date of each discovery and the racial background of the informant; these cards now run into thousands. Songs, too, have been set down exactly as I heard them, and I have collected nearly 1,500 of them without counting variants.

Since working with the Hartlan family I have visited secluded villages all over Nova Scotia and have learnt that Halifax County is much the best place for songs. Here they are sung in English, except by new arrivals and

Many a good song has been recorded at Petpeswick in Halifax County. The singers here are Grace Clergy (man seated in foreground), and Freeman and Bernard Young (seated centre and standing). Bollinger





Mrs. R. W. Duncan, a sister of Enos Hartlan, sings very old songs in her sweet gentle voice.

casual visitors, who have made recordings for me of Hebridean songs in Gaelic and others in Afrikaans, Maori, and Lettish. From Negroes in this county I have obtained both songs and stories. These people seem more loath to talk about their superstitions than any others. One who worked for me, however, told how his father had crippled a witch by putting salt in the skin which she had discarded on changing herself into the traditional black cat or some other familiar spirit. But after having told this story he never returned to work.

I have often wondered why there should be so many more songs in Halifax County than elsewhere. A fisherman explained it this way:

"Men in this county can turn their hands to anything. In the summer we go fishing, and when we go to other harbours and sit around with men from other places, we sing songs. In the winter we go to the lumber camps. Of course the radio and cars make things different today, but it used to be that we'd stay in the woods for weeks and we'd have to make our

own entertainment. There'd be lots of songs and that's what kept us going." This may also account for the fact that songs have survived through men rather than women. It is only occasionally that I find a female folk-singer.

Lunenburg is the county richest in folklore, but there I found the fewest songs. Mr. Nathan Hatt provided one great exception. Eighty-six years of age, he has a song for every year of his life and a few over. He used to be a mill owner, and on his nine-mile trips along the highway with lumber drawn by his team of oxen he would sing all the way going and coming home again.

"People missed me," he said, "when I stopped going." All but one of his songs came from the British Isles, the source of so many of our songs. He learned them from men who came to his mill from the lumber woods. Mr. Hatt is illiterate, but he has an intimate feeling for the people of whom he sings. He also spins fantastic yarns about them, drawn entirely from his vivid imagination.

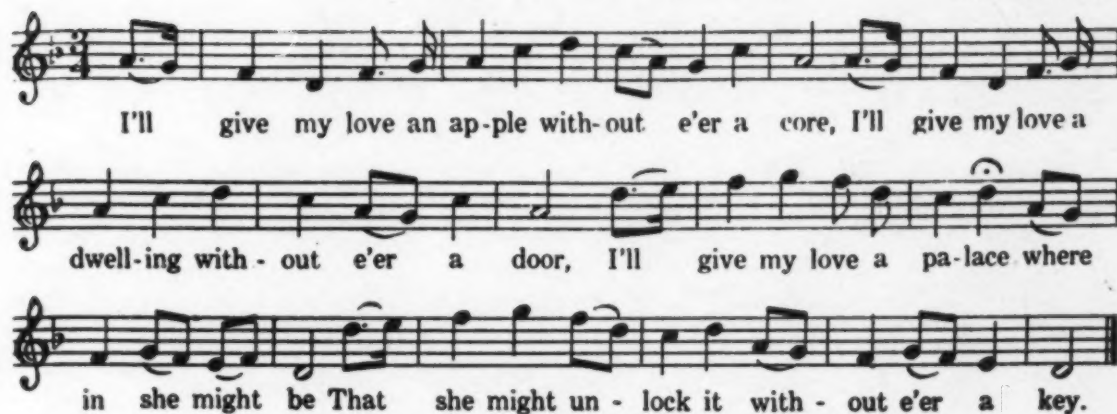
Lunenburg is a prosperous county and the properties are neat and well tended. There one notices a difference in speech, for the stock is largely German and French, with the former predominating. I have a few good recordings in which stories of early customs are told in this unusual dialect.

I had heard that formerly witchcraft had been practised in the county; when the subject was mentioned I stated that I had an open mind about ghosts, but could not believe in witches. At this the local people at once set about defending their belief. "There are witches in the Bible", they said. From then on I had no trouble in obtaining stories. I now have many examples of the practice of witchcraft in the not too distant past in that county and all over the province. In Lunenburg, I was also told, Captain Kidd was supposed to have buried his legendary treasure; but many other places along the coast have claimed that distinction. The material which I gathered during four years in this region was published in 1950 by the National Museum of Canada under the title *Folklore of Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia*.

In Queens, Shelburne, and Yarmouth Coun-

I'll Give My Love an Apple

Dennis Smith

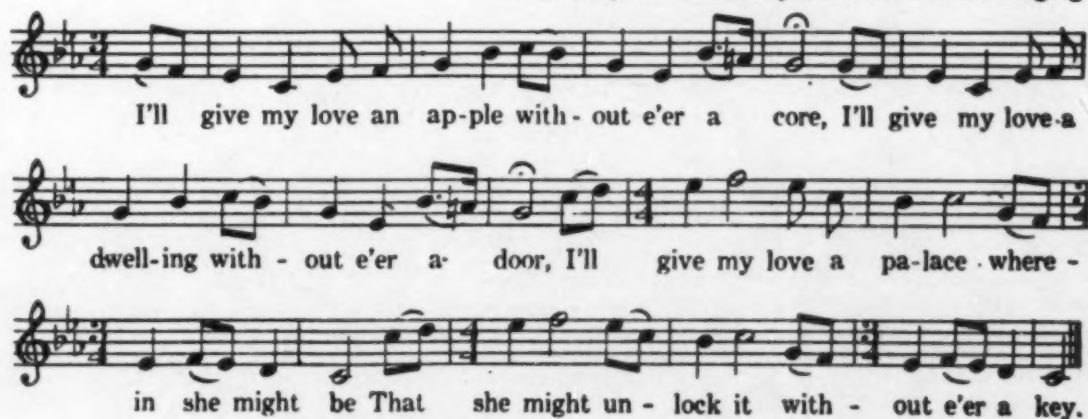


I'll give my love an ap-ple with-out e'er a core, I'll give my love a
 dwell-ing with - out e'er a door, I'll give my love a pa-lace where
 in she might be That she might un - lock it with - out e'er a key.

2. How can there be an apple without e'er a core,
 How can there be a dwelling without e'er a door,
 How can there be a palace wherein she might be,
 That she might unlock it without e'er a key?
3. My head is an apple without e'er a core,
 My mind is a dwelling without e'er a door,
 My heart is a palace wherein she might be,
 That she can unlock it without e'er a key.
4. I'll give my love a cherry without e'er a stone,
 I'll give my love a chicken without e'er a bone,
 I'll give my love a baby and no crying.
5. How can there be a cherry without e'er a stone,
 How can there be a chicken without e'er a bone,
 How can there be a baby and no crying?
6. When the cherry's in blossom it has no stone,
 When the chicken's in the egg it has no bone,
 When the baby is a-getting there's no crying.

Sung by Mr. Dennis Smith, Chuzzlebrook.

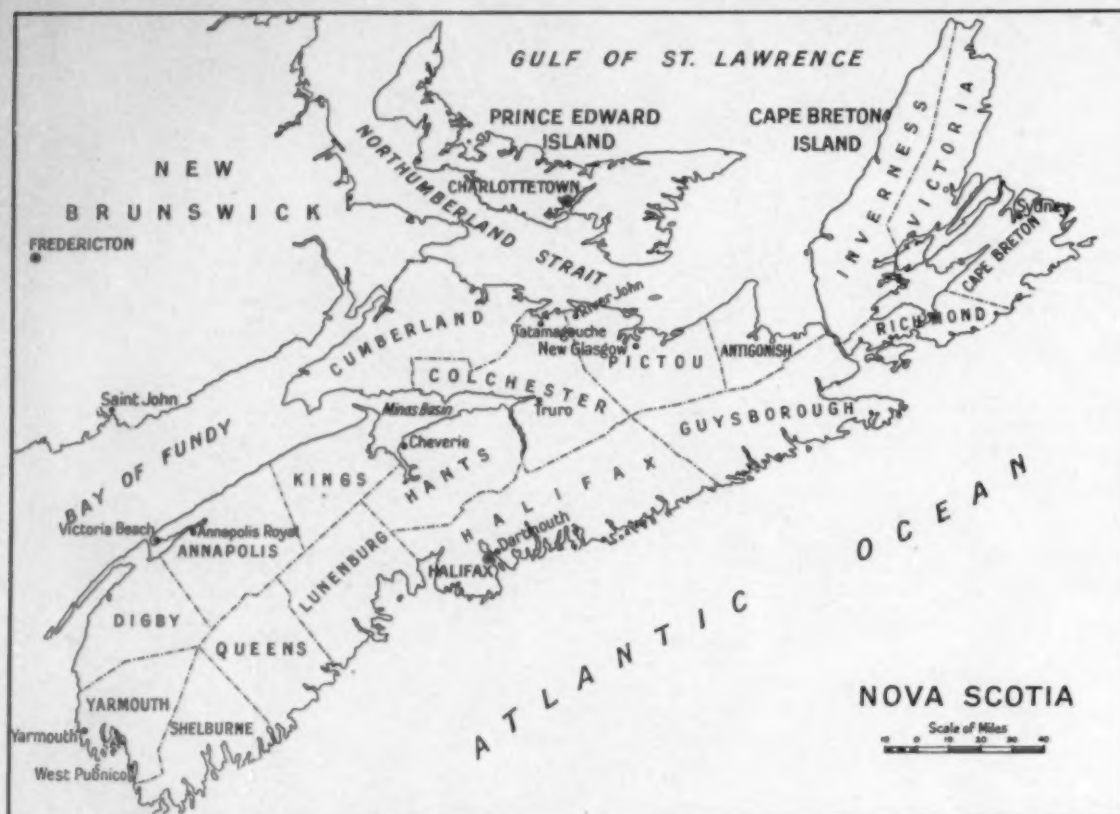
Noted by Nina Bartley Finn at a later singing



I'll give my love an ap-ple with - out e'er a core, I'll give my love a
 dwell-ing with - out e'er a door, I'll give my love a pa-lace where -
 in she might be That she might un - lock it with - out e'er a key.

This is an example of a riddle song. They go back to very early times.

—From Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia, collected by Helen Creighton and Doreen Senior. Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1950.



C.G.J. map

ties the speech changes again, for these are peopled largely by descendants of settlers from New England. In the days of sailing vessels there was much foreign shipping from the ports at this end of the province, and gifts brought home from distant places are still found in many homes. Stories and songs, too, show the influence of these long voyages.

I gathered my best songs from the French Acadians of Yarmouth and Digby Counties

rather than from the English-speaking people. At West Pubnico I recorded over fifty Acadian songs. Elsewhere in the province I had found few folk-tales, but here I recorded twenty in both French and English told by some of the older women. These included a long and interesting variant of *Cinderella*, or *Souillon*, to give it the local French name.

From the ancient town of Annapolis Royal to Victoria Beach, eighteen miles to the west,

Norman McGrath and Horace Johnston amuse themselves by fishing at Victoria Beach. Some of the yarns they spin have been recorded by the author.



Sandy Stoddard of Ship Harbour, north-east of Dartmouth, joins in the laughter after concluding a tall tale. Bollinger



every bend of the road and every bridge seems to be haunted. Many stories in the town itself relate to the supposed appearances of phantom slaves who had been cruelly treated by their owners. Victoria Beach provides the most colourful phrases, usually with a nautical twist. Instead of asking a hesitating visitor to sit down, they will say: "Why don't you throw over the second anchor and stay?" A young man returning from a visit to Halifax described the first tram he had ever seen as "a double-ender (fishing craft) fore and aft with a cabin at both ends and a mast stuck up into the middle of her."

Kings and Hants Counties have produced some excellent songs, but they are not so numerous there as elsewhere. One of the most beautiful songs in my whole collection came from Cheverie on the Minas Basin shore. This is a variant of *The Turtle Dove*.

Do you see that bird on yonder tree
Lamenting for its mate?
Lamenting there so bitterly
As I will do for you my dear
As I will do for you.

This song with its enchanting melody was performed a few years ago on a C.B.C. Wednesday Night program.

In these counties, as in Colchester and Cumberland, the collector has to do a great deal of hard digging. In Colchester County I had the rare experience of hearing a denture accompaniment. Old people often remove their teeth before singing, lest they fall out during the process. This particular singer was eager to record. He had an audience consisting not only of the collector but, much more important, a number of his closest friends. The song had a swinging rhythm which he emphasized by beating on the table with his denture.

At Tatamagouche on the shore of Northumberland Strait they love to tell stories about local characters, preferring these to the tall tales usually told in which incidents are so grossly exaggerated that nobody is expected to believe them. These are favourites of the lumbermen. Fishermen say that their own experiences in real life are exciting enough for anyone. There is a quiet but continuous humour everywhere which ensures that conversation is always refreshing.

The first collection of folk-songs in this province was gathered by Dr. W. Roy MacKenzie of River John in Pictou County, largely from people of Scottish descent. His *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia* has been a

Nova Scotia Song

Mrs. Dennis Greenough

Alla marcia

The sun was set - ting in the west, The
birds were singing on ev - 'ry tree, All na-ture seemed in
clined for rest But still there was no
rest for me. Fare - well to No-va Sco-tia the sea-bound coast, Let your
mountains dark and drea-ry be For when I am far a - way on the
bri - ny o-cean tossed Will you e-ver heave a sigh and a wish for me.

Chorus

2. I grieve to leave my native land,
I grieve to leave my comrades all,
And my aged parents whom I always held so dear,
And the bonny, bonny lass that I do adore. *Cho.*
3. The drums they do beat and the wars do alarm,
The captain calls, we must obey,
So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms,
For it's early in the morning. I am far, far away. *Cho.*
4. I have three brothers and they are at rest,
Their arms are folded on their breast,
But a poor simple sailor, just like me
Must be tossed and driven on the dark blue sea. *Cho.*

This song, which is very well known in the Petpeswick and Chezzetcook districts near Halifax, shows the powerful influence of the sea upon the lives of those in remote fishing villages. A number of variants were combined to make one song.

—From *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia*, collected by Helen Creighton and Doreen Senior. Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1950.



At a quilting party under the trees at St. Croix, south of Cheverie, the author collected riddles and old remedies.

pattern for many collectors on this continent ever since its publication. It was published with copious scholarly notes tracing each song to its earliest known source and showing where it had travelled. Wherever folk-songs are studied today, this is a text book. There are a few melodies included; other collectors since have realized the importance of the tune, and more recently published books give the melody with each song. Mrs. Mackenzie helped her husband make the collection. Two years ago I went with them to see one of the few of their singers who was still living. Comparing the techniques of song collecting yesterday and today, we concluded that every era has its compensations. Today collecting is made easier and more complete by the use of recording equipment; but formerly singers were more plentiful and easier to find.

Guysborough County has more songs than

Antigonish but not so many as Halifax County. It was here that I had my first introduction on the peninsula to Gaelic—a Gaelic which is, I believe, slightly different from that on the adjacent island of Cape Breton. I went one evening to a wedding carried out in traditional Gaelic style. Festivities began with an eight-hand reel led off by the bride and groom and immediate members of their families. And in this county, too, Angus the Ridge—so called because his father lived on a ridge and the MacDonalds had to be distinguished from one another in some way—used to play the pipes every fall to lighten the labour of a friend harvesting a crop on the opposite side of the valley. Here and in Cape Breton, where so many people have the same surnames, are found nicknames such as these: Maggie the Lighthouse (she was not tall and angular; her father kept the light); Hughie the Hide (he



Woollen cloth made by Mrs. MacDonald of North River, west of Sydney, will be shrunk at a milling frolic to the accompaniment of special milling songs.

tried to steal one; his children would be called John the Hide, Mary the Hide, and so forth; he would never be allowed to forget his folly); Rory the Lover; Boxcart Sadie; and Galloping Sue. One family is known as the Skunks, not because of any personal attribute, but because the father painted his boat black with a white stripe at the top, suggesting the pattern of a skunk's fur. Fourteen was a man who once tried to change a cheque from \$1.40 to \$14 and had borne that name ever since.

The songs I have found in Cape Breton have been mostly in Gaelic and French, although songs in English exist. These, of course, are important, and I have made a number of recordings for the Library of Congress in Washington and for our own National Museum in Ottawa. In my work, however, I look mainly for songs in English, because in other parts of Canada practically all collecting has been of songs in other tongues such as French, Indian, and Eskimo. I believe English folk-songs can be used by a greater number of people; in fact, many of them are already becoming more popular. Many more could be circulated; but while there are still songs to collect, I feel that the work of preserving them should come first.

A collector has many discouraging moments. Occasionally at the end of a tedious trip over back roads I find that a singer has died since I heard of him, or has grown senile and forgotten his songs; or to ensure my return, he may only sing a few at a time. Sometimes while he is singing his mind becomes confused and

From Ben Henneberry of Devil's Island near Halifax over one hundred and thirty songs were obtained — more than from any other Nova Scotia folk-singer.

his tunes mixed, so that little can be accomplished. Or we may have to wait until a grandchild goes to sleep, so that we can have quiet in the kitchen where we are to make the recording. Or the singer may be out fishing, making it necessary to await his return. The undertaking requires great patience.

The task of collecting folklore does not end when informants have been found and songs or stories recorded. In the winter each song must be typewritten and checked with its tape-recording for accuracy, because even when very familiar with dialects one may have difficulty in making out occasional words. A stranger who had only the recording to depend on would often be completely lost. As I said earlier, every story, superstition, expression, old saying, old remedy, and so forth, is put on its own index card. There are duplicate cards, one for the National Museum, the other for my own files.

My publications to date, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia* and *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia* have followed the Mackenzie pattern; however, *Twelve Folk Songs from Nova Scotia* contains pianoforte accompaniments written by Doreen H. Senior. While the first editions provide texts and basic material for





The Gallaghers enjoy an evening of family music which is recorded by the author. Mr. Gallagher used to tend the light at Chebucto Head light-house. His wife is one of the province's finest folk-singers.

Bollinger

musicians and students of music, the third one should be helpful to people who can only use the songs when arranged with accompaniments. The folk-singer is usually unaccompanied by any musical instrument. He often fits several words to one note and, although it sounds all right to him, it is baffling to the singer who has been trained conventionally. I hope before long to make available for schools and festivals songs in which these difficulties have been overcome. Three from the collection have been taken for a text book by W. J. Gage and Company Limited. Professional folk-singers already use many of our songs on radio programs, and some have been recorded by

them for sale to the public.

As each new season begins I find that work is not yet finished on my notes for the previous season. There are more and more requests for lectures and speeches, which take time to prepare and sap a good deal of energy. Yet it is pleasant to share such absorbing work with the public, and encouraging to see a growing interest in folk-songs and folklore. Some of the best songs have been found quite recently. What will the next season bring? It is this element of eager anticipation that makes a collector's life one of continuous adventure. Much water has gone under the bridge since I first met Enos Hartlan.



Portrait of a Season

The lengthening bluish shadows on the snow . . .

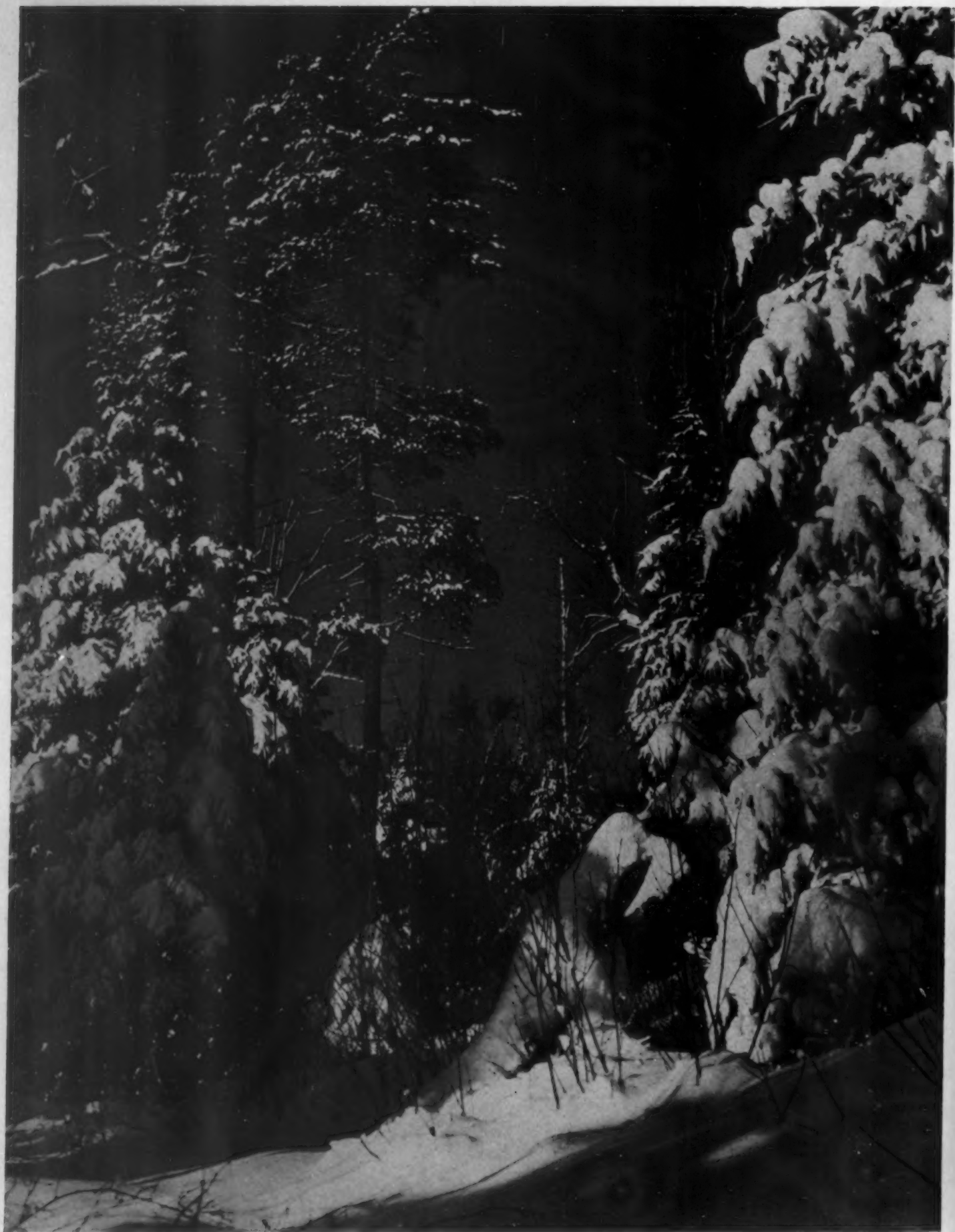
Bliss Carman (*The Winter Scene*)



A Canadian Winter Pictorial by Malak

*The heart of the forest grieves
In the drift against my door . . .*

Bliss Carman (*A Northern Vigil*)



*... Still from the North it comes,
Whispering, settling, sifting through the trees,
O'erloading branch and twig.*

Bliss Carman (*The Winter Scene*)



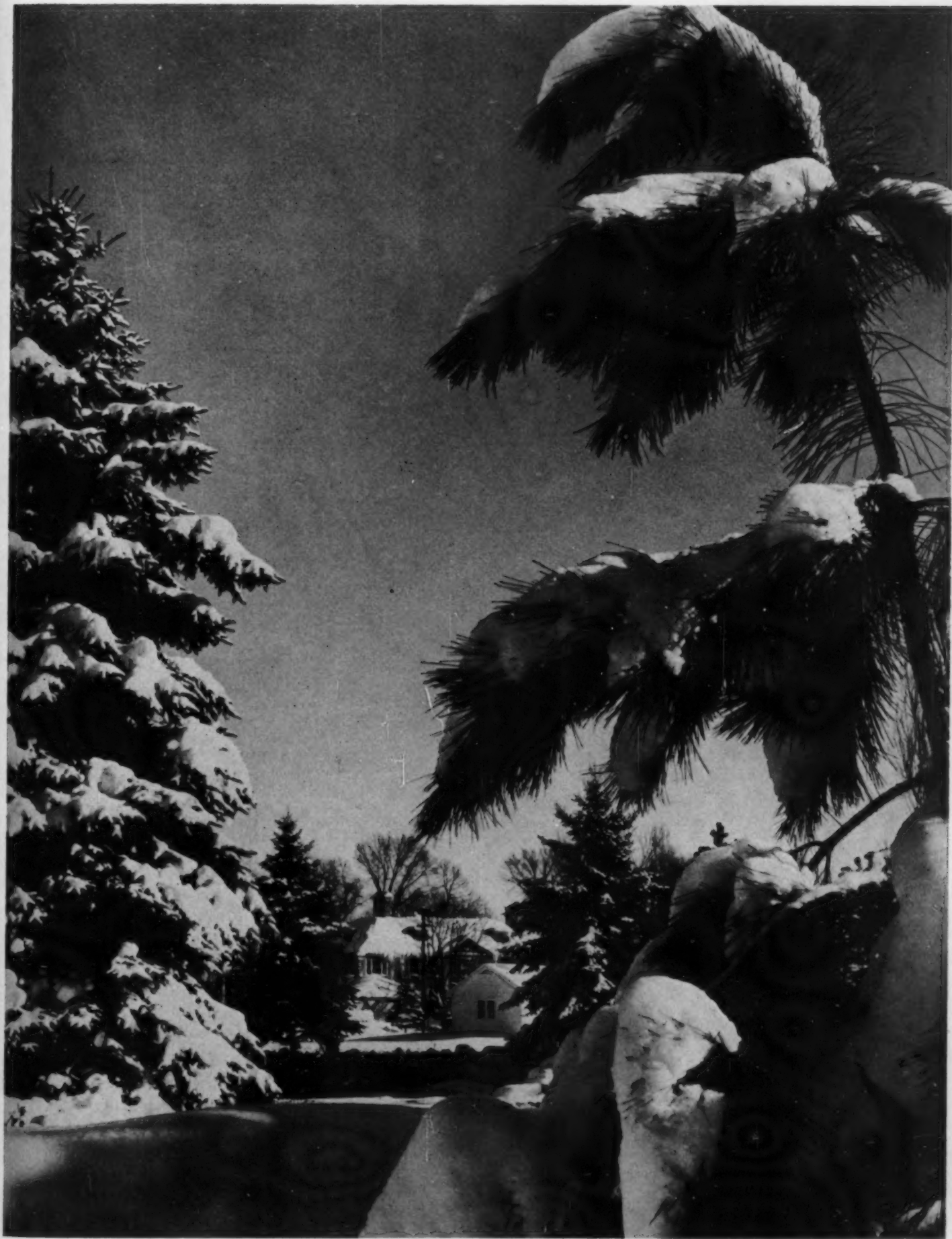
In the white hush where not a creature stirs . . .

Bliss Carman (*The Winter Scene*)



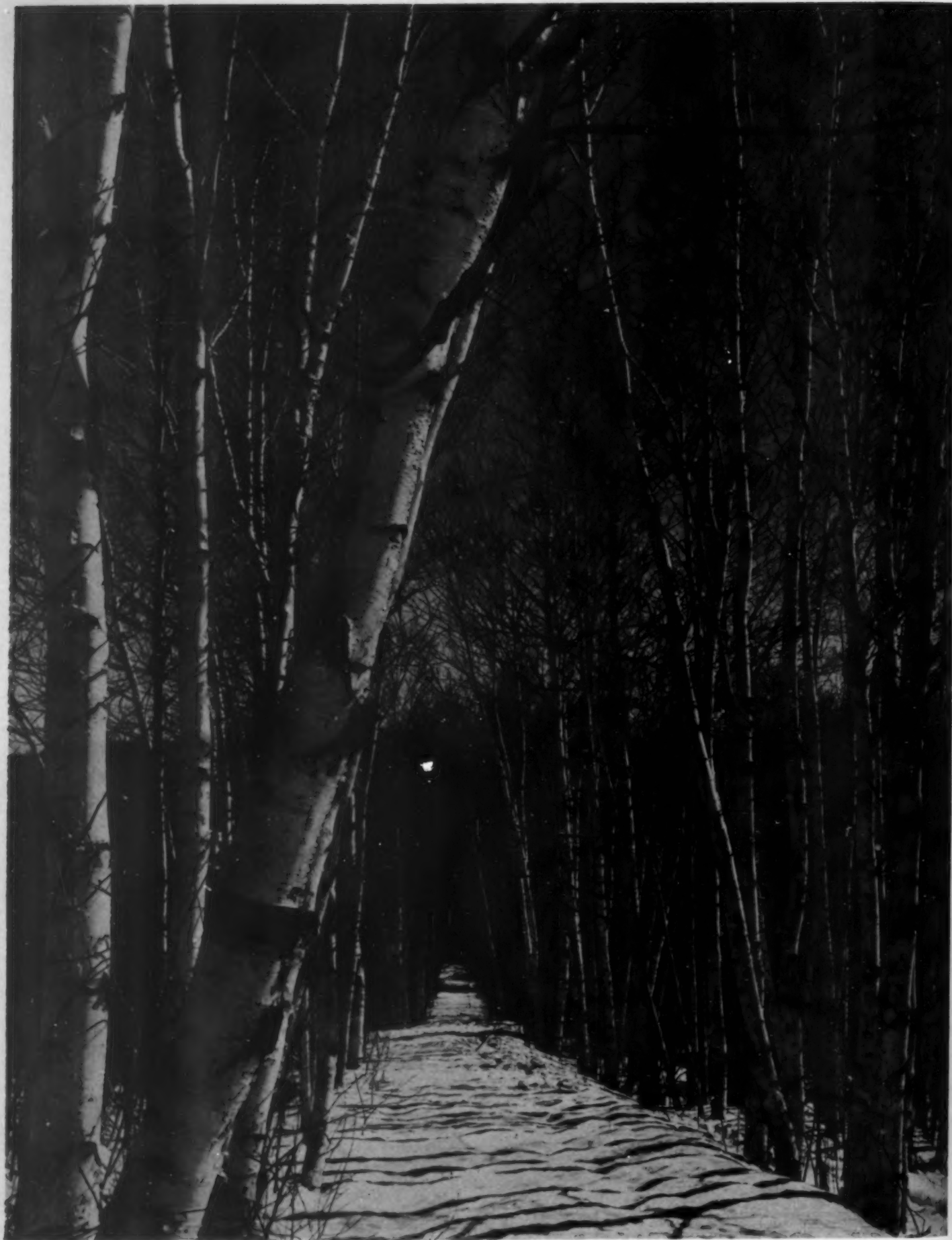
And silence, frost and beauty everywhere . . .

Archibald Lampman (*Winter Uplands*)



*It fills with alabaster wool
The wrinkles of the road.*

Emily Dickinson (*The Snow*)



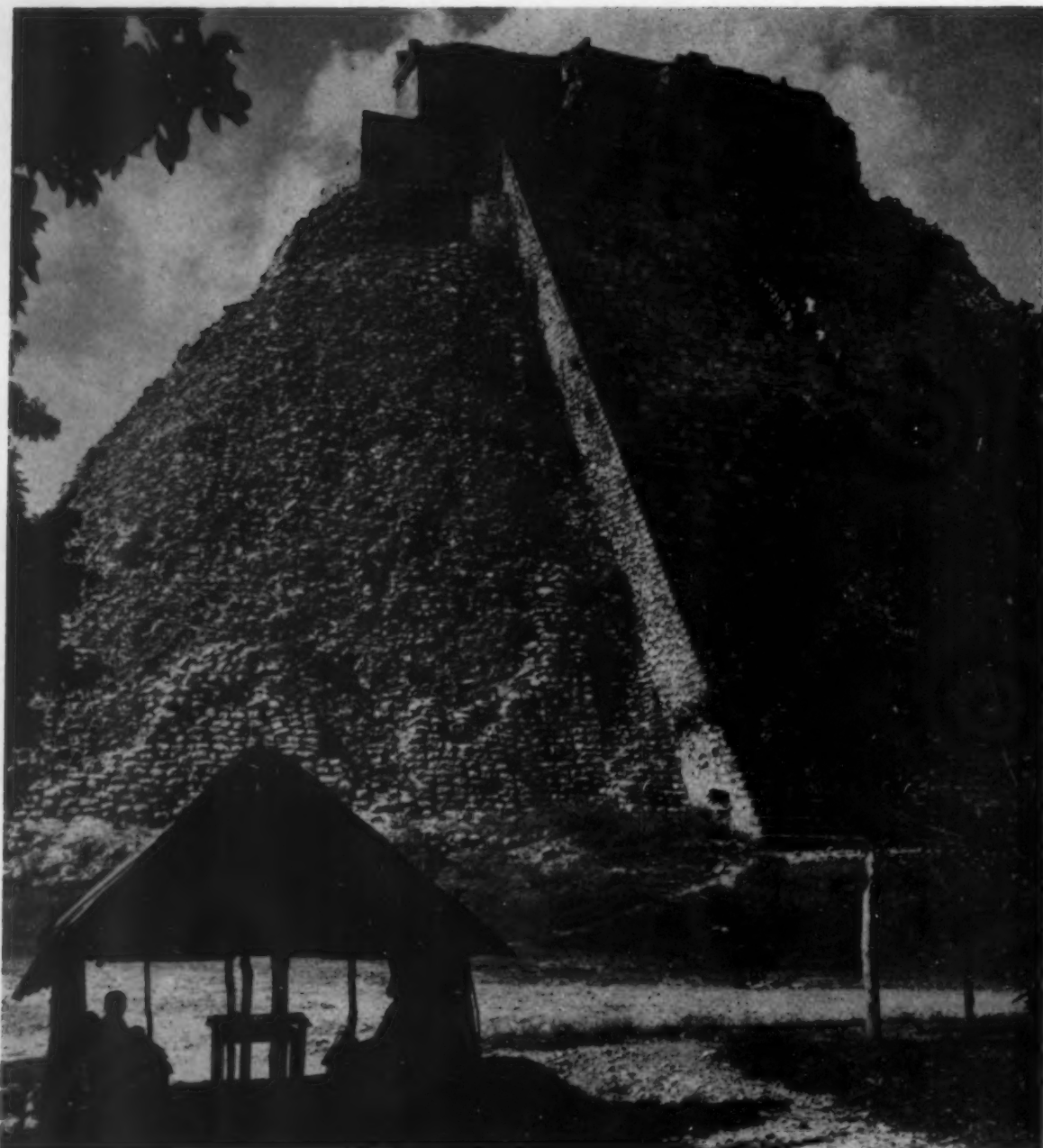
*The lean, cold birches, as I go by,
Are like blurred etchings against the sky.*

Wilson MacDonald (*The Song of the Ski*)



*It sifts from leaden sieves,
It powders all the wood . . .*

Emily Dickinson (*The Snow*)



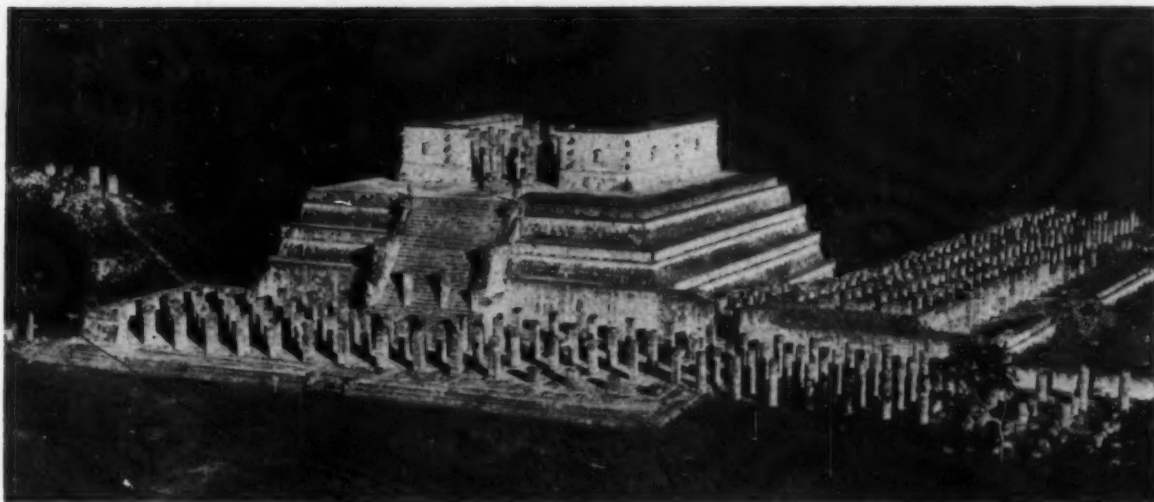
Most notable of the Maya ruins at Uxmal is El Adivino, the Temple of the Magician, 102 feet in height. Two of the staircases have been restored, leading to temples at the top of the pyramid. There is, as usual, a smaller temple inside with an interior stairway almost parallel to this outer staircase. Another chamber under the west staircase is called The Chamber of the Queen. In the foreground is a little shelter for footsore pilgrims.

The Glory that was Maya

Notes and photographs by RICHARD HARRINGTON

IN architecture, science, administration and engineering, the Maya of Central America, the Aztecs of Mexico, and the Incas of Peru stood head and shoulders above other American

Indians. All three were agricultural peoples whose economy, based chiefly on corn, permitted them to remain in one place long enough for arts and sciences to evolve.



To the east of the Temple of Kukulcan is the Temple of Warriors, now roofless. Near it on the south is the Court of a Thousand Columns, once roofed with wooden beams and thatch. The mound to the north probably contains another building, for the Temple of Warriors looked much like this before excavation. Beyond is the flat mat of jungle. The broad main staircase leads up to a roofless temple, with stone serpents at the entrance, and carved pillars which once supported a roof. Inside this pyramid, as in others, is an older smaller temple, one which contains the Red Jaguar throne, with inset spots of jade.

The Maya, smallest race of the group with only half a million people, accomplished the incredible in the arts of sculpture and architecture, in the sciences of astronomy and mathematics. They were also the only Americans to develop a written language, although it is in hieroglyphics. With their temples and their learning, the Maya have been termed "the Greeks of the New World".

The Maya left monuments and temples behind them, as through the centuries they migrated from Guatemala into Honduras and from there into the Yucatan Peninsula. Although hundreds of sites have been discovered, unquestionably the jungle still conceals hillocks which cover old Mayan architecture.

Carved to represent the Plumed Serpent, two great columns form the portal of the now roofless Temple of Warriors. The great pillars with re-curved tails, once supported wooden roof beams. The serpent was the symbol of Kukulcan, the Mexican ruler of Chichen Itza about the tenth century. Pillars inside are carved with figures of warriors in low relief. This was once the most private part of the temple, a spacious ceremonial chamber. Many of the designs and motifs of the Maya artists cannot be deciphered, because their books were burnt by the Spanish clergy.



In the plaza north of the Temple of the Kukulcan is the Tsompantli platform, decorated with very fine bas-relief. The limestone which underlies Yucatan is relatively easy to carve, though the Maya artisans worked with stone tools. The warrior depicted is obviously Mexican, judging by the ornamental button in his nose. He is carrying the head of his enemy by its hair. In the background are the figures of serpents intertwined, and with elaborate plumes.



A young Maya lad stands by a Chac-Mool, one of a dozen of these reclining figures found at Chichen Itza. The Chac-Mool shows Mexican influence, and is not found in other Mayan ruins. These figures were usually placed before doorways leading to altars. No one is certain what they were used for. Traces of burnt incense have been found on the flat discs held on the abdomens of the figures. Some archaeologists suggest that probably offerings were deposited on the disc, while others believe the Chac-Mools were closely related to fire worship.



The Caracol is the only round building in Chichen Itza, and was the observatory where ancient Mayan astronomers studied the stars, predicted eclipses and solstices, set agricultural dates. The building takes its name (Snail) from the interior curving staircase. The narrow slits at the top served as astronomical observation points. There are masks with elongated noses on the upper part, where the guide stands, and incense burners in human shape on the parapet.

Two centuries later, Chichen Itza again rebelled, this time in company with Uxmal, and together they sacked Mayapan. For some reason, this spelled the end of the Maya, for they abandoned their cities almost at once, and took to the jungle. When the Spaniards arrived a century later, their strength was dissipated, their great past beginning to be forgotten, their cities being taken over by the jungle.

At its height, the Maya race — not an empire such as the Incas and Aztecs had — was ruled by priestly kings. Chichen Itza was their Mecca, and the devout travelled as much as a thousand miles to make their offerings to the Rain God, believed to dwell in the murky green water of its Sacred Well.

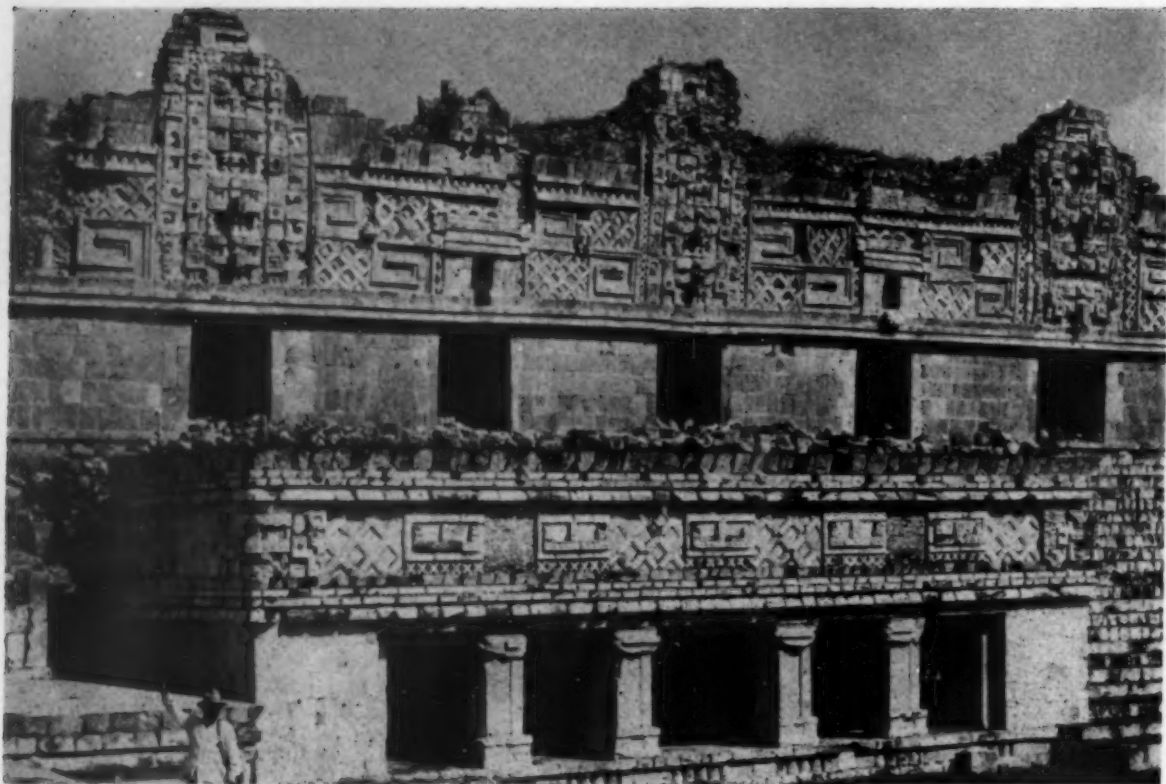
The House of the Governors is said to be one of the most important of Mayan monuments, and the finest of Mayan architecture. Very wide stone stairs lead from the ground to the first terrace, and the middle section. The wide middle section has wings at either end, connected with transverse archways, which are now walled up. The ornate carvings of Rain God masks and frets and interlocking motifs remain as originally placed there. Some restoration has been carried on in this building.



From the Temple of Warriors at Chichen Itza, one looks across the Group of a Thousand Columns to the Temple of Kukulcan. As in its heyday, the latter, sometimes called El Castillo, dominates the north group of buildings at Chichen Itza. Worshippers believed that priests in the temple on top of the pyramid had a God-like view of mankind, which was the impression the ruling class wanted to make. Four broad staircases led to the temple at the top of the truncated pyramid. An older, smaller temple is enclosed inside. Two façades of the pyramid have been restored, and two stone serpents flank the main north staircase.

Besides the king and priests, the ruling class included professional men in priestly garb —





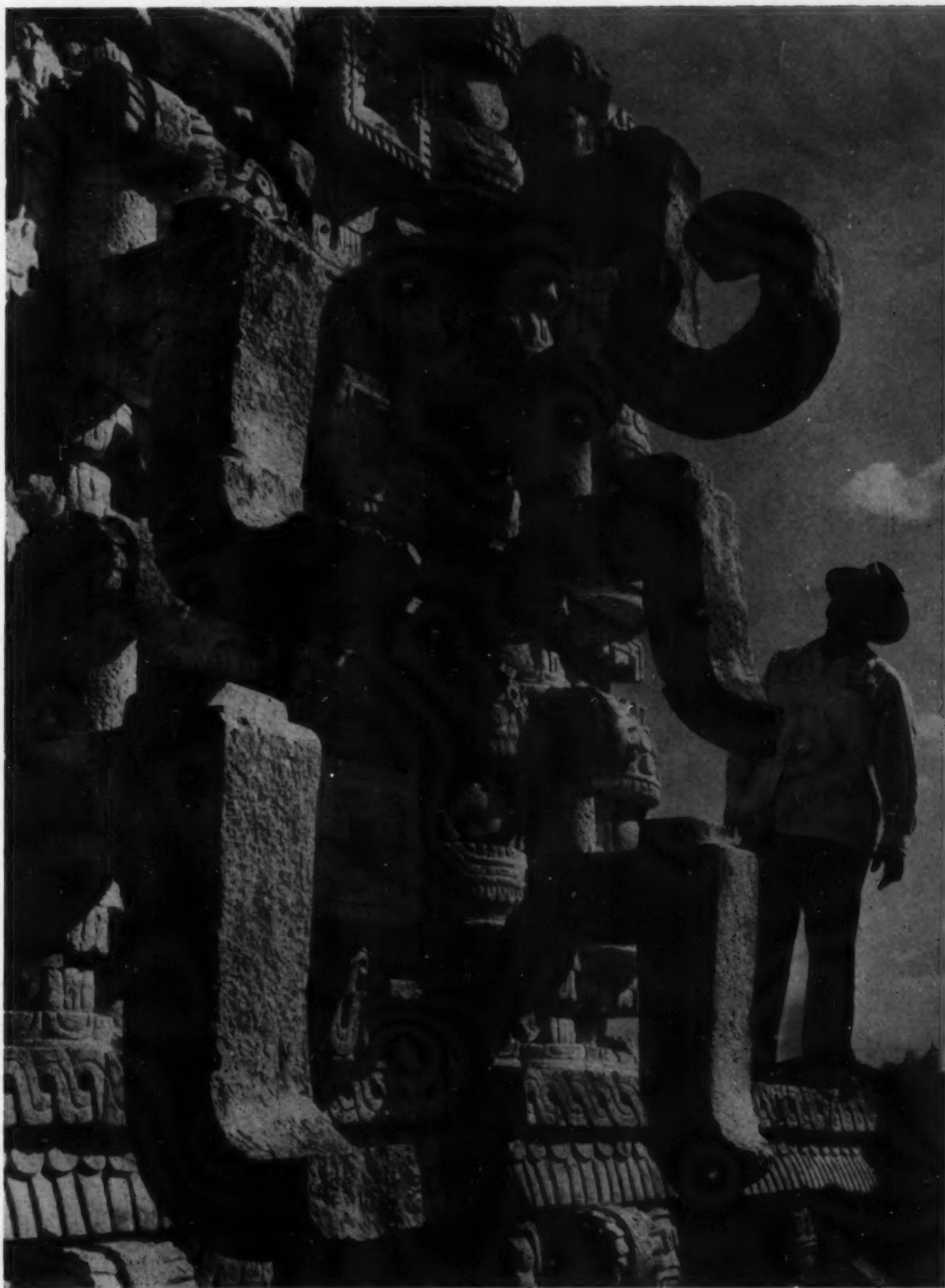
The four large rectangular buildings of the "Nunnery" at Uxmal, enclose the spacious courtyard of the Vestals. The north building, here shown, displays numerous masks on the third storey, and at the corners of the lower Temple of Venus. The ornamentation here is exceedingly rich, varied and elaborate. The Temple of Venus is so named probably after the five hieroglyphs over the entrances, which have been identified as pertaining to that planet.

Detail of the carving on the House of Nuns, west building, at Uxmal. The Great Plumed Serpent (rattlesnake) is shown against a lattice background, his tail twisting back above him, with the rattles clearly showing. A stone jar with feather tuft rests on the tail.



astronomers, physicians, judges, artists and architects, and teachers. Education was not for the peasants, nor for the artisans who never learnt the mysteries of the hieroglyphics they chiselled on columns. It was enough that workmen with stone tools should follow instructions, and carve just as they were told. The commoners were probably slaves, at least to some extent, for such work requires many men and many years of unrelenting toil. But when the priestly caste vanished, so did knowledge of their mysteries.

The glory has departed from the Maya people. They have scant knowledge of their own history, little conception of what it meant to build those great temples, no inspiration to create such beauty themselves. The art that went into the stone carving is as far beyond them, as the architectural genius that designed the pyramids and the temples in the first place. It was a great art, one that can compare favourably with any classic art of the past.



The Palace of Masks, at Kabah not far from Uxmal, has a façade composed almost entirely of these great masks of the Sky God, with exaggerated nose, eyes and teeth. Many of the elongated curling noses have been broken off. Large teeth can be seen directly underneath the noses. Eyes are like stone pills, and the ears are shown as large square earplugs. All this carving was accomplished without the use of metal tools—simply stone tools and abrasives.



Docile and mild-tempered, the Great Gray Owl can easily be approached. Unfortunately its fearlessness of man has led to its scarcity, for many members of this beautiful and beneficial species have been shot by hunters and trappers. Unless this wanton destruction ceases, the bird may become extinct.

In Quest of the Rare Great Gray Owl

by ALBERT F. OEMING

Photographs by Edgar T. Jones

FEW OF North America's most traveled ornithologists have ever seen this continent's largest owl, the handsome Great Gray Owl (*Strix nebulosa*). Moreover, it is likely that even fewer will be privileged to see it in years to come, for the numbers of this species appear to be diminishing steadily.

Less than twenty-five years ago the bird was not uncommon in the remote woods of Northern Alberta and throughout the rest of Northern Canada. When the coat of the Red Squirrel began to be used for fur, however, the situation changed suddenly and radically. This addition to the fur list led to the invasion of the great spruce forests of Northern Alberta by thousands of trappers. Since most trappers are imbued with a universal prejudice against owls, believing that all of them prey heavily on fur-bearing animals such as squirrels and so seriously reduce the potential profits of trapping, the Great Gray Owl was condemned along with the ubiquitous Great Horned Owl. As the Great Gray does not have the wary and suspicious nature of the latter species, it made an easy target for trappers' guns. Its decline in numbers was alarmingly swift. In less than ten

years after the trapping of Red Squirrels began, the Great Gray Owl had become very scarce in Alberta.

My photographic partner, Edgar Jones, and I resolved to go in search of the bird and to record the details of its life history with photographs and coloured motion pictures before it became extinct. In the winter of 1951 we visited Belvedere, Alberta and called upon Archibald D. Henderson, one of the veteran oologists of this continent. During the years 1910-23, when most of the surrounding district was still unsettled, he had found several nests of the Great Gray Owl near Belvedere. He had also forwarded many of the first articles about it to A. C. Bent, author of that monumental work, *Life Histories of the North American Birds of Prey*, and to the egg collectors' publication, *The Oologist*.

Mr. Henderson felt that there was a strong possibility of finding the Great Gray Owl in some of the remoter areas west and north of Edmonton. The bird, he said, never built its own nest, and always occupied one made by a hawk, such as the Red-tail, or the Goshawk. Consequently, he advised us to investigate the

The author and the photographer travelled over 15,000 miles, often through primitive terrain in which it was necessary to use a four-wheel-drive vehicle equipped with a winch.

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The Great Gray Owl can be identified by its huge round head. Unlike most other owls, it always holds its head high.

old nests of hawks when our search commenced in the spring. We then carefully checked his notes and descriptions of the country in which the nests might be located. Stimulated by the great pioneer collector's accounts of the bird and encouraged by his advice, we became doubly determined to succeed in our project. Little did we realize just how tough an undertaking it would prove to be.

Our search began in the spring of 1952. Snow was still on the ground, for it was early March. We had remembered seeing several late March nesting dates in Mr. Henderson's notes. Our idea was to locate the birds before they actually nested, and attempt to obtain data about their pre-nesting activities. However, that spring we found no Great Gray Owls.

Hundreds of veteran trappers were interviewed, along with scores of settlers and lumbermen, but none could shed any light on the birds. Two dead specimens were sent to me that summer from remote points. Although it was disheartening to know that people were

still shooting such a rare species, these at least were proof that the owls still existed somewhere in the province.

We investigated report after report, but in almost every case the supposed Great Gray Owls turned out to be the common Great Horned Owls. As rabbits were exceptionally numerous that year in the Alberta forests, Horned Owls were often seen hunting them. One unexpected discovery was made. We found a nest of the American Hawk Owl with six eggs. Mr. Jones took a great many coloured photographs of these interesting birds, which are very scarce in Alberta.

During the winter of 1952 we again received dead specimens of Great Gray Owls that had been shot by trappers and settlers. Two were from familiar territory where we had been searching the previous year. We began to wonder if the birds moved into that area from a more northerly location during the winter and returned to the north in the spring.

On a bright warm day in early May of 1953 we were pursuing our search in the Corbett Creek district, approximately 150 miles northwest of Edmonton. The country seemed so appropriate for owls that our hopes mounted. While stopped at the last lonely settler's house on the edge of the forest to make arrangements for saddle-horses, we asked if any owls had been seen in the vicinity. "My kid shot a big pie-faced owl the other night and wounded another one" was the reply. Immediately we asked where the bird had been found, and if its remains could be examined. The settler's lad produced the head of a Great Gray Owl. Obviously he had encountered a nesting pair, or a pair about to nest. As had happened in so many instances, the trusting birds had been shot while peering harmlessly at an intruding human-being. We were very disappointed. With the season well advanced and leaves already out, it was useless to look for any more nests until the next spring.

We had now travelled more than 10,000 miles by a great variety of conveyances through some of the most primitive terrain in Alberta without finding a nest or a single live specimen of the species. It struck us that, if they were better informed, trappers, settlers and rural

IN QUEST OF THE RARE GREAT GRAY OWL

school children might cease shooting the birds and perhaps assist us by supplying useful information. We decided to issue a small illustrated booklet on the Great Gray Owl, and in it to request information from readers who had seen the bird or any of its nests. Five thousand brochures were circulated in Alberta—one to every trapper, logger, and northern school division. Various farm and rural community weeklies in the province and across the country also published the story of our search and details about the kind of information we wanted.

The response to our booklet was most gratifying. Information about every species of owl reached us. No less than seven new records of the Barred Owl emerged. Prior to this Alberta had only two records of this species: Richardson's and Saw-whets had been reported. Often, when we entered some settler's yard deep in the heavily timbered country, children would dash out, calling to their mothers that the "owl men" had come. Soon we became widely known by that name in the sparsely settled wilderness.

The spring of 1954 broke all existing provincial records for lateness and severity. Twenty below zero weather persisted till the end of

April, and even the first week of May was extremely cold. Heavy, late falls of snow made travelling a nightmare. It was utterly impossible to gain access to some of the places where Great Gray Owls had been reported seen by co-operative readers of our booklet. With fresh snow falling daily, our hopes of finding a nest that year were receding rapidly.

During many of our early wanderings in the Corbett Creek country we had been impressed by the heavy forests of white poplar that covered miles of the region, and we had thought that it might be an ideal habitat for Great Gray Owls. Since a pair had been shot there the previous spring, we decided to revisit the district.

On the first day of our expedition two loggers cutting timber deep in the heart of the great forest informed us that a large "moon-faced" owl without horns or tufts had been seen some miles from their camp. Encouraged by this report, we obtained horses from the camp and began riding in a 25-mile arc. Two days of travel, difficult for both the horses and ourselves in the still deep snow of early April, passed without reward. Towards evening on the third day we were moving slowly across a

Torrential rains following unusually cold weather in the spring of 1954 caused the washout of this bridge and many others, adding fresh hazards to the search for the Great Gray Owl.



large muskeg. I was riding about 100 yards ahead of Ed Jones when suddenly, not 25 yards in front of me, I saw a Great Gray Owl perched on the thin tip of a dead tamarack.

We were able to photograph this bird by simply walking up to within 20 feet of it. It was hunting, so we assumed it to be a male, and expected momentarily that he would fly off with his prey to his mate and nest. But this male caught and ate his mice on the spot. Apparently he had no place to which to return. We watched the soft feathered bird comb the muskeg for food, until darkness forced us back to camp.

When retracing our steps the next day, we recalled an old Red-tailed Hawk's nest in a black poplar some miles away, and wondered if it might not be worthwhile examining this again, although it had shown no signs of habitation when we discovered it. A scrutiny of the nest with field-glasses revealed no owls. Still determined to learn where the male bird we had seen was nesting, we began to ride back into the heavy timber. About 200 yards from the nest Ed Jones stopped. There on the edge of a small clearing lay a female Great Gray Owl, recently killed by some other bird of prey. Every evidence showed it to be the work of a Great Horned Owl. (Large as the Great Gray Owl appears in external dimensions, it has a

body as small as that of a pigeon, so is no match for the powerful Horned Owl.) At the time the Horned Owls were hard-pressed for food; because their favourite prey, the Snowshoe rabbits, had undergone one of their cyclic disappearances. I climbed the tree to the nest, and discovered that the female owl had been sitting. The nest still contained small feathers from her breast.

On 4 May 1954 we received a letter from two lumbermen near Edson, about 140 miles west of Edmonton, who had seen a pair of owls resembling the picture of the Great Gray in our booklet. They stated that the owls appeared not in the least frightened by the presence of mankind, and that they always hung about the same muskeg. The report was so promising that we set out at once to investigate it, although weather conditions were extremely poor.

From the loggers' residence it was a full six miles to the edge of the huge muskeg where the owls had frequently been seen during the previous two weeks. Gambling on the assumption that they would be there yet and nesting, we took with us all the photographic, camping and bedding equipment we could carry. The trek was one of the most arduous we had ever experienced, most of it across thawing muskeg into which we sank at every step.

In the poplar woods fringing the muskeg (apparently the favourite type of nesting habitat of the Great Gray Owls in Alberta) we began looking for an old hawk's nest that might be housing our elusive subjects. Before long there was an ear-splitting whoop of joy from Ed Jones. I hurried over. There, peering down solemnly from a large nest was a Great Gray Owl. It was an unforgettable moment.

Another owl could be heard hooting and calling somewhere back of the ridge where the nest was. We knew that this must be the male bird. As we were anxious to learn what the nest contained, I quickly put on my climbing-irons and made the 45-foot ascent. The female, which meanwhile had flown off the nest, was perched a scant 10 yards away when I reached it and discovered two young owls about ten days old. Camp was immediately set up nearby, and a photography platform was hastily con-



The remains of a female Great Gray Owl, found near the nest. All the evidence indicated that the killer had been a Great Horned Owl.



A young Great Gray Owl preparing for flight. He had been out of the nest for two weeks and, although still unable to seek his own food, could fly and defend himself readily. The adult bird is about thirty inches long and has a wing-spread of fifty-four to sixty inches.

structed. No blind was necessary because the species is so docile.

The female wasted no time in returning to her young, for the weather was still extremely chilly. A loud hooting by her, unlike any owl sound we had ever heard, later caused us to rush forth from the tent in time to see the male bringing a mouse. He waited only long enough for her to take it, then quickly disappeared through the tall trees to continue his hunting. This happened almost every ten minutes. He brought a mouse every time, usually one of the red-backed kind common to the big woods. Throughout the day and night his mate constantly emitted a low plaintive sound rather like the soft cooing of a dove.

For three days we camped beside this nest, arranging things in readiness for weekly visits to obtain pictures and further data. It was with much reluctance that we left. Everything about the birds seemed unique. We were collecting a wealth of information about their behaviour, diet, and so on. Their flight particularly captivated us—slow, measured, and soft, giving them an almost wraith-like appearance as they glided among the great shadowy trees. When evening came, all was quiet except for the maternal murmurings of the female and the long drawn hoot of the male as he continued his forays in the adjoining muskeg. We felt that this owl was a personality, symbolic of the silent grandeur and majesty of the virgin woods; but we reflected ironically that its trusting ways could well lead to its extinction with the establishment of new settlements.

We returned to Edmonton to examine the mail and messages that had arrived during our absence in the hope that, despite the advance of the season, there might be clues leading to

the discovery of other nests. On the very day of our arrival a call came from a trapper at Rocky Mountain House, about 160 miles southwest of Edmonton. His description of the owls he had observed was so accurate that there could be no doubt that they had been Great Grays. We hastily packed our road-weary jeep, and set off. The trapper's cabin was 50 miles west of Rocky Mountain House and 12 miles into the bush beyond the last negotiable road. We were repeatedly obliged to hoist the jeep out of deep holes and to ford swollen streams whose bridges had been washed away.

After twenty-four hours of battling mud and water we reached the patch of timber where the owls had been seen only two days earlier. At the end of two hours of intensive searching we discovered an old hawk's nest with a female Great Gray Owl sitting on it. This bird was far more solicitous about her young than the first had been, and repeatedly flew within six inches of my head as I climbed to the nest. Her mate made only brief appearances when bringing mice to the nest for her and their two offspring, which were about twelve days old. Two days were spent at this nesting site, making observations and taking photographs. We then started our regular weekly inspections of the two nests.

On these visits our activities included taking about seventeen different measurements of each owlet, recording the behaviour of adults and young, collecting pellets that were later used to determine on what the birds had been living, and taking moving pictures and stills. The latter work was anything but easy; for the almost constant rain greatly hampered photography. The trails to both nesting sites were veritable lakes, and there were no bridges left anywhere. Once an inquisitive black bear broke into the camp, tore our sleeping-bags to shreds, and rifled our foodstuffs. We searched for two hours for my camera, which the animal had carried 200 yards from the camp before apparently becoming disgusted with the unpalatable taste of the leather case. It still bears the marks of his teeth.

Not once did the weather improve. We wondered how young owls could survive in it. During our third visit to the Edson nest the



Each owlet was weighed and measured once a week. As they grew older, the birds became more and more unwilling to submit to this ordeal.



Like children, young Great Gray Owls grow quickly. Their rate of growth had never been recorded before.

smaller of the owlets appeared extremely feeble. It was found dead at the base of the tree the following week.

The adult birds were never seen bringing anything but mice to their young. Later the quarts of pellets I had collected were analysed, and with the assistance of the University of Alberta's Mammalogy Department an impressive list was obtained of the various species of mice eaten by the owls. However, two skulls of Northern bog lemmings were also taken from the pellets. This species had not been found in Alberta before. A new species of feather-louse was identified, too.

The young birds grew rapidly. By the second week in June they had left their nests and ventured over a mile into the surrounding muskegs, led by their parents. Since the owlets remained very quiet, we could only locate them by imitating the calls of the adult birds and listening carefully for the answering screeches. By the end of the third week in June they were still further from the nests and were making short independent flights. At this time the young birds were banded, for we felt that it might be our last opportunity to do it. When the two areas were visited a week afterwards, there was no trace of parents or young. In the

dense forests looking for them was like seeking the proverbial needle in the haystack. Our studies of the Great Gray Owl ended for another year.

Whether or not the bird will escape extinction remains to be seen. Its existence is threatened on many sides in Alberta today. The discovery of important oil fields has led to the opening of vast tracts of once virgin territory. Great stands of forest are being levelled by fleets of bulldozers, and new settlements are coming into existence. Pulp mills are leasing large holdings in some of the best bush. All this means that there will be less and less secluded wilderness. But only in such primitive regions will the Great Gray Owl live and breed. Meanwhile trappers continue to wage war indiscriminately against all owls, including this one, and irresponsible hunters take advantage of the sitting target which it presents.

Recently the Alberta Government passed an Act protecting all the hawks and owls in the province. In such protection rests the Great Gray Owl's last chance of survival. Education of the public, strict observance of the new law, and preservation of suitable nesting areas may yet ensure the continued existence of this rare, beautiful and beneficial owl.



Legislative Building during construction, about 1910, showing the old Hudson's Bay fort (later demolished) in foreground.

Ernest Brown Collection, Alberta Government.

Fort Edmonton as painted by Paul Kane in 1847 when he spent the winter there. The entire population of 130 people lived within the stockade.

Royal Ontario Museum.

Edmonton — Old and New

by MABEL E. JORDON

Alberta Government photographs except where otherwise credited.

FROM the forts of the fur trade in Canada have arisen a number of cities — some large, others small. Of these Edmonton is undoubtedly the most outstanding. While viewing this twentieth century phenomenon from the turret atop the Legislative Buildings today, it is difficult to imagine that its nucleus, directly below, was once completely enclosed within the pickets of a fort.

After the union of the two great fur companies in 1821, Fort Edmonton became the focal



point of the vast Northwest. John Rowand who was then Chief Trader for the Saskatchewan District of the Hudson's Bay Company, resided in a huge house inside the fort. The house had real glass windows, an item almost unknown west of Fort Garry. A large hall where the local Chief and Indians were received contained fantastic sculpture, and the walls and ceiling were painted with barbaric gaudiness; it had the effect of riveting the natives to the spot in wonderment.

When Paul Kane, the peregrinating artist, wintered at Fort Edmonton in 1847, he recorded that the population was about 130 souls, made up of some fifty men and their families. All lived within the stockade, while outside were wandering tribes who put up their lodges and stayed only long enough to trade — or loot if the opportunity arose.

Even then Edmonton was more than a fur trading post, although that was its real reason for existing. A major industry was boat building which employed most of the male population. Here were built the famous York boats of the fur brigades that travelled the length of the Saskatchewan River, which was then the main highway to the West. When not occupied with boat construction, there was firewood to be sawn. Eight hundred cords were used each year. Buffalo hunting was also an important activity. Thus the male population was kept fully occupied.

The women worked, without exception, at making moccasins and clothing for the men, and converting the buffalo meat into pemmican which supplied the company's more remote posts where fresh food was almost unobtainable.

One other large-scale business of importance was the raising of great numbers of pack-horses for the overland brigades, and also literally packs of sled-dogs for their winter travel. Such was Fort Edmonton as Kane knew it in 1847. (There was no other building outside the stockade until 1871 when a Methodist missionary, the Reverend George McDougall, built a

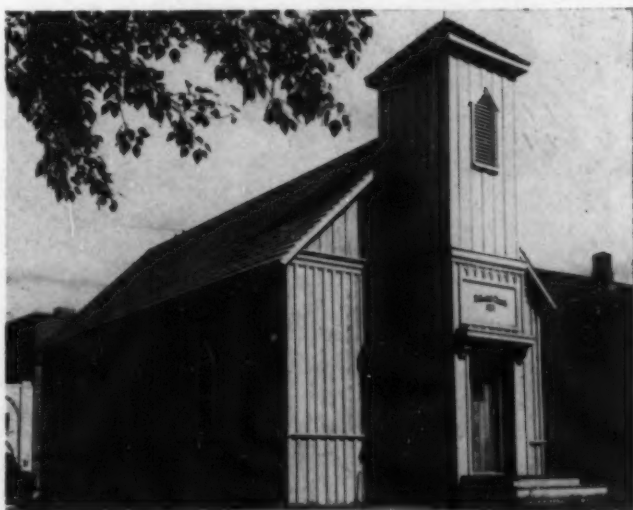
church. This historic little building now stands in the heart of Edmonton's business district.)

A century later, in 1947, there was no remaining sign of the old fort. A small brass cannon has survived the westward advance of civilization and now reposes on an obscure balcony of the Legislative Building awaiting the rebuilding of the fort as a museum. That year (1947) the population had risen to 113,000. In World War II the city boomed to what was thought to be the height of its prosperity.* But unforeseen post-war developments have only increased the expansion to an astonishing degree.

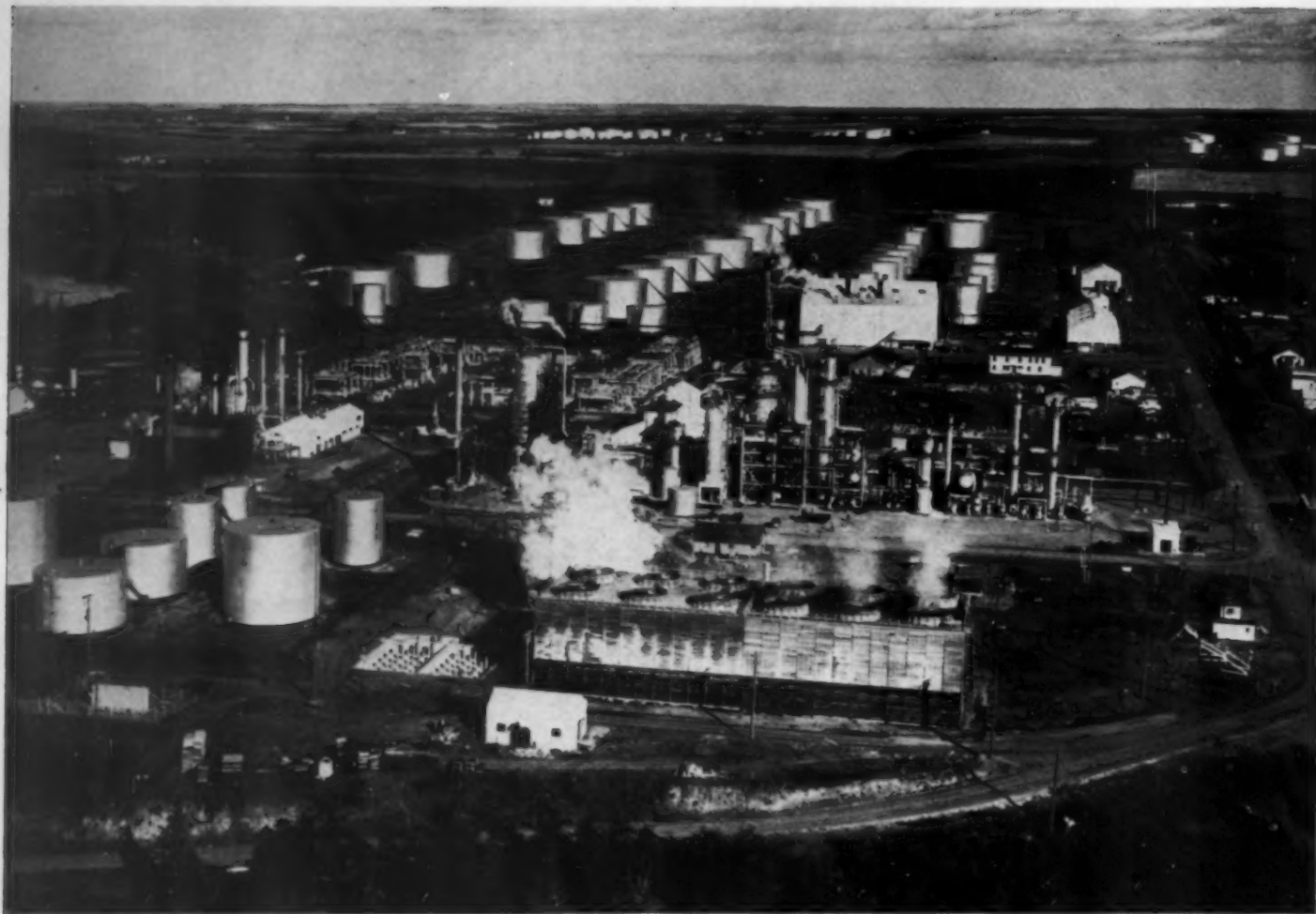
The discovery of oil at Leduc, 25 miles from Edmonton, in February, 1947 marked a milestone in the city's history. Whereas before then it had become a great distributing centre, set in the heart of a rich agricultural area, it has since become a major manufacturing and industrial hub, with multi-million dollar oil refineries, petro-chemical plants and many more basic and secondary industries. For eight years the population has increased at the rate of 1,000 a month, adding 95,000 to be provided with housing and services.

During the 1950-54 period, building permits totalling 31,880 were issued by the city, valued at \$243,394,114, and covering houses, commercial buildings, and institutions. These somewhat staggering figures prove Edmonton to be Canada's fastest growing city, unequalled

* See Canadian Geographical Journal, Vol. 33, No. 6, "Edmonton" by A. B. Watt, B.A.



The old Methodist church, built in 1871 by the Reverend George McDougall. It was constructed of logs, later covered over. Inside are pictures of pioneers and relics of Edmonton's early days.



Above:—The new \$25,000,000 refinery of Imperial Oil Limited on the eastern outskirts of Edmonton.

Centre:—Alberta's Legislative Building as it appears today, almost a half-century after construction.

Below:—The petro-chemical plant of the Canadian Chemical Company, which cost \$55,000,000.





Modern Edmonton, surveyed from the air, sprawls to the horizon. Already large, it is still growing at a phenomenal rate. In this view of the downtown section Canadian National's Macdonald Hotel can be seen in right foreground.

anywhere. Such rapid expansion taxed utilities and services to the limit. But the long-range planning of the city fathers, including the District Planning Commission and the Industrial Development Board has achieved remarkable success in producing more services for more people. This was due in some measure to the fact that most of the public utilities are municipally owned and operated, allowing the city to meet requirements with a minimum of delay for industrial as well as residential development areas.

Paradoxically the city has been swept into its greatest debt on record, nearly \$400 per capita, because of the municipal development which followed the oil discovery; yet the Alberta government has been able to pay off large amounts of its provincial debt with the revenue from the oil and gas. Edmonton could not keep up with a pay-as-you-go plan. In 1948 the city's financial situation was so serious that

its bond issues could not be absorbed on the Canadian market, so the Alberta government lent the city \$1,900,000 that year, and has since been Edmonton's sole source of outside capital funds at low interest rates.

Meantime the city administrators, under Mayor William Hawrelak, are seeking the annexation of three municipal districts — Beverley, Jasper Place, and part of Strathcona — in order to distribute the tax load more evenly over a broader area.

On 8th October, 1954 Edmonton celebrated its Golden Anniversary as a city, although its name has been on our map for 160 years. The past half-century has been one of progress and achievement for Alberta's capital city. The next half will be a challenge for new generations, unfolding even broader horizons.

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EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Helen Creighton (*Fiddles, Folk-songs, and Fishermen's Yarns*) lives in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. She has long been a student of the folk-songs and folklore of her native province. In 1932 she published a most attractive volume entitled *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, containing an interesting introduction and one hundred and fifty songs collected in the Halifax region among the fishing folk. Later she produced two more volumes of Nova Scotia songs. Since 1947 she has spent the summer months each year collecting folklore material for the National Museum, largely in Nova Scotia, but at times she has extended her work over into New Brunswick. She is the author of the National Museum of Canada Bulletin No. 117, *Folklore of Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia*. * * *

Malak (*Portrait Of A Season*) invariably approaches his camera subjects with the eye of an artist. Whether he photographs a farm cart (as on our October cover) or a snow drift, the result is a photograph of the finest quality. The lyricism of the winter pictorial in this issue prompted us to couple his photographs with harmonizing thoughts on the same season by a number of poets. * * *

Richard Harrington (*The Glory That Was Maya*) has travelled far and wide, recording with pen and camera what he has seen and experienced. His work has often appeared in this magazine. Many readers will also be familiar with his vivid portrayals of the northland in his books, *The Face of the Arctic* and *Northern Exposures*. * * *

Albert F. Oeming (*In Quest of the Rare Great Gray Owl*) is an enthusiastic student of birds and animals. He has raised and tamed a variety of wild creatures, including cougars, foxes, coyotes, owls, and falcons. A graduate of the University of Alberta, he holds the Master of Science degree in Zoology. * * *

Edgar Jones, whose photographs illustrate the article, is vice-president of the Edmonton Zoological Society, immediate past president of the Edmonton Bird Club, and head of the club's Hawk and Owl Committee which seeks means of protecting species that are decreasing in numbers. * * *

Mabel E. Jordon (*Edmonton Old and New*) lives in Calgary and writes authoritatively on the Canadian West. Several of her articles have been published in the Journal previously. She is particularly interested in the history of western Canada.



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Hedda Morrison

Guides for Tourists in India

Most of the tourists who visit India spend only a few days there — far too brief a time to become acquainted with the customs and culture of the country. Yet it would be a dull person who without any knowledge of the country could go there for the first time and not be moved at least to ask questions in order to acquire a little understanding of what he was seeing. At the same time, the visitor very often is also obliged to ask other questions of a very practical kind if he wants to exchange currency, obtain directions, or do some sightseeing. If he stops somebody in the street to request information, he may run into linguistic difficulties. If he employs the first man to offer his services as guide, he may find himself at the mercy of a rogue or, with less ill luck, may discover at some later date that his guide meant well but was misinformed.

The solution of the problem, when like India the country concerned is anxious to increase its revenue from tourism, is trained guides. Until recently there were almost no educated people acting as guides in India, for guiding was not looked upon as a particularly respectable way of earning a living. It was left to uneducated men who inherited the calling from their fathers and whose main stock-in-trade was a number of inaccurate if often charming tales passed down from generation to generation. Last year, at Bombay, the Government of

India conducted a three-month training course for guides, which terminated in a formal examination. A similar course was given in Delhi this year. According to the Information Service of India, courses will soon be started in Calcutta and Madras.

Most of these guides speak two or more Indian languages, English, and very often also French, German, Spanish, Italian, or some other foreign language. They are expected to possess a general knowledge of Indian history, geography, topography, art, architecture, and current events. During their training course they are given lectures by experts on such subjects as ancient culture and art, dancing and music, festivals, customs and manners, costumes and handicrafts. When they have passed their examinations, they are given certificates and badges by the Government.

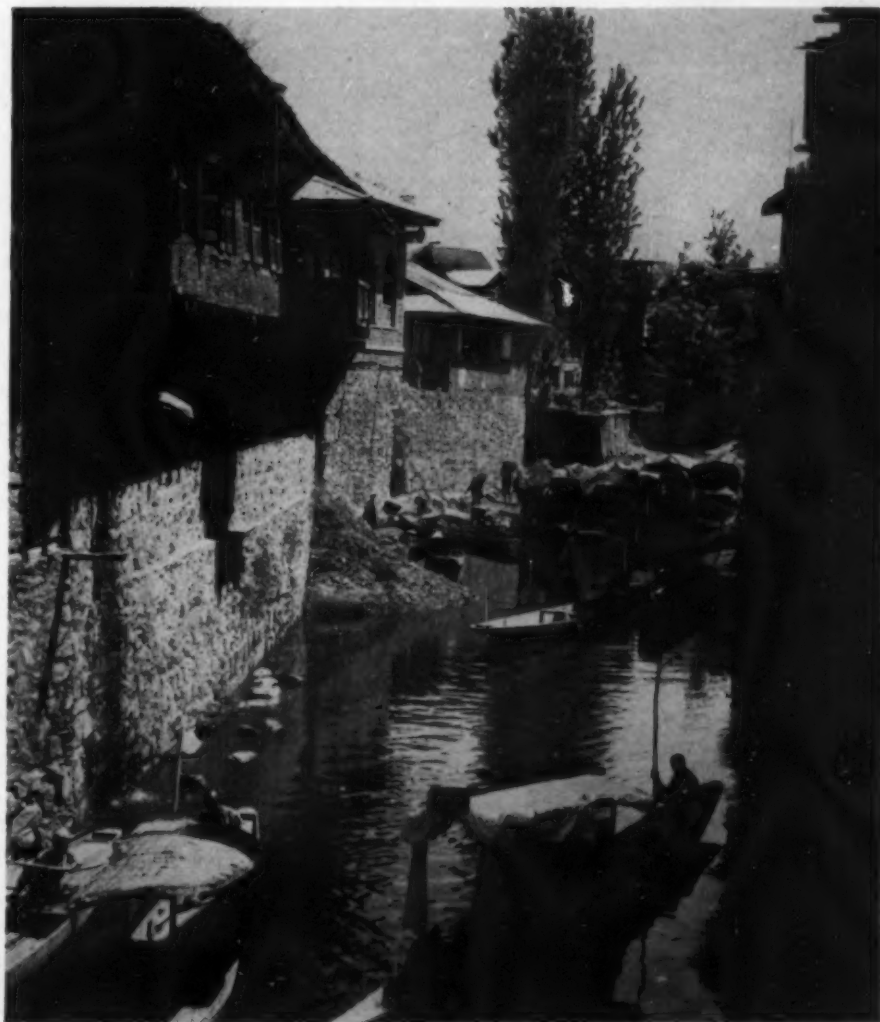
In Delhi these graduates have formed a Tourist Guides Association which defends the interests of its members and sets uniform fees. Since there is no law requiring licences for guides, untrained people still can and do offer their services to tourists. However, the Ministry of Transport of India has asked those in the travel industry to employ only trained guides. It has been assured that they will do so.

Austria Throws Open Her Doors

With the departure of the last occupation forces from her borders, Austria is prepared to play host to visitors with her old-time gaiety and efficiency.

Winter resorts such as St. Anton, Zuers, and Lech in the Arlberg, Kitzbuehel in the Western Tyrol, and Badgastein in Salzburg Province were heavily booked ahead of the season. However, an effort has been made to improve accommodation and facilities for sports in less well known resorts. In most of these the rates at the best hotels and inns are slightly lower than at the older more popular

(Continued on next page)



Boats on a canal in the old section of the city of Srinagar in India's Kashmir State.

Hedda Morrison

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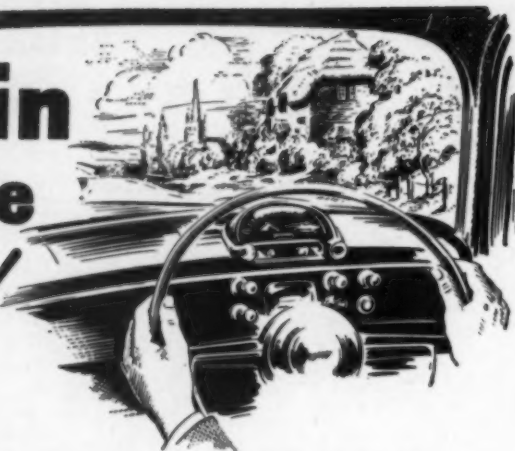
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Perhaps it is the competition for these that has produced such elaborate arrangements of floats in the past. (One year the winning one consisted of a woodland winter scene, all of flowers, with a pond of real ice and ice-skaters performing on it as the float moved down the main street of Pasadena.) Some of the subjects chosen for the 1956 floats are Circus Days, Cinderella, the Ten Commandments, Olympic Games, Noah's Ark, and (who will be surprised?) Davy Crockett.

After the parade most of the football fans in the crowd will hasten to Brookside Park, there to watch the annual Rose Bowl football game. Meanwhile, the floats that took part in the parade will have come to rest not far away at Victory Park and will remain on exhibition there until their flowers wilt.

Canadian Motels

Although one rarely hears much about them, Canada has about 5,000 motels. They have been increasing in numbers at an incredible rate within the past few years. For example, Ontario which in 1949 had only 75 of them now has 700. Their accommodation varies from about ten to twenty rooms. Rates range from \$7 to \$10 a night for two persons.

(Continued from previous page)

places. Pensions everywhere are very inexpensive. In St. Anton, for example, there are many in which room and breakfast costs as little as \$1.65. Incidentally, on the basis of 1954 statistics for travel in Austria, the Austrian State Tourist Department estimated that the average American tourist spent just under \$6 a day for food and lodging while in the country and probably about \$10 a day for everything, including excursions and purchases. (We mention this so that readers may judge about how far their own dollars would stretch in Austria.)

Sportsmen intending to visit Austria this winter might like to obtain copies of a new booklet containing information about the country's ski resorts and sports facilities, descriptions of ski terrain, and diagram maps of the chief runs in each region. The booklet may be obtained free of charge from the Austrian State Tourist Department, 48 East 48th Street, New York 17, N.Y.

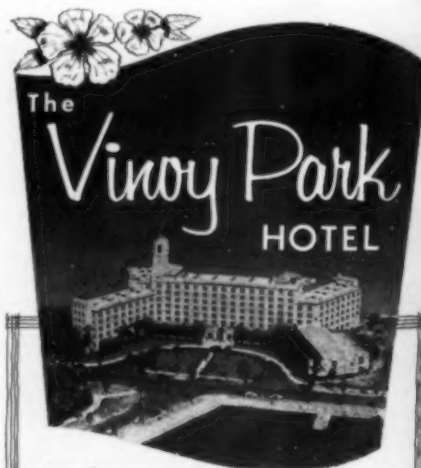
The year 1956 will be of special significance in Austria, for it is the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mozart, the most renowned of Austrian composers. A festival will be held at Salzburg, his birth-place, for a week commencing 21 January

1956. Later the traditional Salzburg Festival will be held there, opening 22 July and continuing through August. Only the operas of Mozart will be performed. The works of other composers will be included in concert programs.

Spectacle in Pasadena

On 2 January the annual Tournament of Roses parade will be held in Pasadena, California for the sixty-seventh time. This is one of the classic spectacles of the year in that State and one of the most impressive parades in a country that has many annual parades and always seems to be looking for pretexts to hold more of them. The theme of the Tournament of Roses parade this time is *Pages from the Ages*. (The jingle is not ours. Presumably somebody on the Publicity Committee was responsible for it.)

The parade will last three hours. During that time over sixty decorated floats interspersed with bands and troupes in costume will pass along the streets. The frameworks of the floats will be decorated lavishly with flowers—some 3,000,000 of them, probably including wild orchids flown in from Hawaii and exotic tropical blossoms from South America. There are prizes for the handsomest floats.



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AMONGST THE NEW BOOKS

Atlas of Economic Geography
By Johannes Humlum
(Meiklejohn and Son Ltd.,
London, England, \$2.50)

Although the last previous edition of this work appeared in 1947, this is the first to show conditions obtaining after the Second World War. Furthermore, the earlier versions were intended almost entirely for use in Scandinavia, whereas the map section of the volume under review is presented in four languages—Danish,

English, French, and German. Thus the book has a double significance as far as Canadian students are concerned.

The stated purpose of the Atlas is "to provide a visual and statistical impression of many aspects of the economic geography of the world." The first four maps deal with population, arable land and irrigated land, but most of the remainder is devoted to a cartographical representation of production and trade in the world's important raw materials. Usually one topic, such as the production of soybeans, coal or wood-pulp, or trade in oranges, iron ore or wood, is considered on each page. The item is first dealt with on an equal-area world map, drawn, incidentally, on an interesting projection by Olaf Kayser. The scale of these maps is 1:225,000 which does not permit much detail to be shown in such significant areas as Europe. Consequently this detail appears on a separate map (usually of Europe) or maps. The remainder of each page is usually taken up with further explanatory maps, graphs or cartograms. In this way, Professor Humlum has preserved a sense of unity throughout the work without destroying the flexibility necessary to be able to present each item in the most adequate way. For example, an understanding of lumber trade and production calls for maps showing the natural distribution of important tree species in North America, so these are included. The world map of nickel production shows Canada to be so outstanding that a large-scale map of the Ontario "nickel belt" appears beneath it, and so on.

The two fundamental colours used on all the maps are red and black which enhance the clarity and boldness of the various distributions—no mean feat when the scale of many of the maps is considered. In fact the whole book is rather like a lucid guide through the welter of statistics

(Continued on next page)

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(Continued from previous page)

that appears from all parts of the world of today and which often would not be fully or properly utilized by students of geography and commerce if it were not for the painstaking pruning and correlation by such people as Dr. Humlum.

N. L. NICHOLSON

Eagles

By Leslie Brown

(Michael Joseph, Ltd., Toronto, \$4.25)

The author of this book has a passion for eagles. He tells us that the way of an eagle in the air may be compared to the way of a serpent on the earth and the way of a man with a maid. In his eagerness to learn more about eagles, he has walked thousands of miles and has welcomed innumerable hardships. He writes with the same vigour and enthusiasm

that motivated him in his travels.

First he takes us over the rugged hills and mountains of Scotland to study the magnificent Golden Eagle. Then we go to the wild bushland of Africa, where there is a vastly greater variety of eagles. Through long hours of observation, the author has learned much about these great birds. He has studied their powers of flight and speed, their territory and foraging range, their courtship, and their nests, eggs, and incubation period. He presents this information in a most entertaining manner, weaving in occasional comments on other birds, mammals, the countries and their people, and himself. He concludes with a chapter on unsolved problems concerning eagles, many of which are likely to remain unsolved for some time unless a number of Leslie Browns come along soon.

Readers who like birds and the

out-of-doors will like this book. They will certainly know much more about eagles after reading it too.

W. EARL GODFREY

* * *

Zambesi River

by J. F. MacDonald

(Macmillan, Toronto, \$3.50)

This book presents the Zambesi River to the reader as a very living factor in the life of the African continent. The river's marvellous gifts and its cruel dangers to those who dwell along its banks are dealt with impartially and comprehensively by the author who has known and endured all the worst and the best that the river has to give in its long sinuous course from a remote corner of Northern Rhodesia eastward towards the Indian Ocean.

Happily the author's vision takes in a perspective view, far beyond the

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Current rates will apply on all subscriptions paid before 31 December 1955.

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actual river he is describing, and the so-called new lands through which it flows. He understands the impact of ancient waters upon new dwellers in Africa, or indeed in any other remote land. He looks forward to the future when the ancient lands and the immigrant settlers shall be better blended than they are at present; he shows equal penetration in looking backward with profound sympathy to those brave Portuguese pioneers of the sixteenth century who died, almost to a man, from the thousand plagues and dangers that haunt the Zambesi banks; the fever and pestilence hidden in its polluted waters, and its brooding insect life; and the savage attacks from the forest dwellers, man or beast, that haunt its shores.

The author touches upon Livingstone's connection with the Zambesi in a most comprehending light, measuring the achievements of that great man with the sharp perception of one who combines a perfect knowledge of the steps that Livingstone trod, with a wise understanding of the gulf that separates his day from ours.

This biography of a great African river is a book which arouses serious thoughts and questions, yet its style is fluent as the river itself, a choice blend of light laughter with deep thinking.

SYLVIA SEELEY

* * *

African Crossroads

by Sir Charles Dundas

(Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.50)

Much has been written of recent years about the vast progress towards self-government in the darkest parts of Africa, but the average reader needs to know something of the foundations underlying this sudden and rapid growth. He will find helpful illumination in this book most appropriately entitled *African Crossroads*, by Sir Charles Dundas, who landed at Mombasa in 1908, as an unfledged Assistant District Commissioner, to embark on a career of thirty-seven years public service most of which was spent between Tanganyika, Northern Rhodesia, Kenya, and Uganda. He explains to us African territory and native life as he found

it in the early days of Colonial Service, and he shows by what slow and patient steps fraught with discouragement, the British authorities did their utmost to train and develop the latent powers for self-rule on a democratic rather than tribal scale, amongst the various African races, for whom they acted at first as guardians with something like parental powers, and later as trustees for those who had attained social and political maturity in the realm of "Native Administration." Sometimes the transition was too sudden to be successful, but the set-backs did not deter the pioneers of African progress.

Two chapters in this delightful book are devoted to interludes spent in the Bahamas, first as Colonial Secretary in 1929, and secondly as Governor in 1937. Sir Charles has a pleasantly light and easy style in describing both places and people and he adds just enough historical background to give food for thought concerning the changing scenes and developments in the lands to which he has dedicated himself. Despite the veil of modesty which he draws over his own achievements as an administrator, one can read between the lines how much he has contributed to the progress and betterment of those amongst whom his life's work has been cast.

SYLVIA SEELEY

* * *

Symposium on the Geography of Puerto Rico

Edited by Clarence F. Jones and Rafael Pico

(University of Puerto Rico Press, Rio Piedras \$4.50)

This symposium has grown out of work done between early 1949 and the autumn of 1951 in the Rural Land Classification Program of Puerto Rico. The result is eighteen separate essays by as many authors, dealing with a variety of phases of rural land use on the island. Many of the essays are abridgements of longer papers which were presented as the authors' Ph.D. theses.

A book such as this is an indication of what can be done by a thorough land use survey. Effective planning

(Continued on next page)



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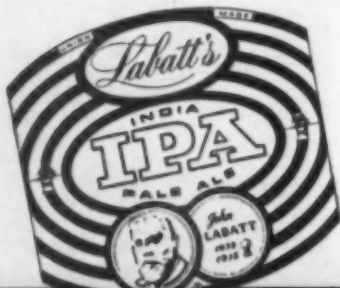
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(Continued from previous page)

can only be undertaken when a complete picture of an area's resources has been obtained. From such an inventory of resources an understanding of the general pattern of land use is reached. The uses made of the information obtained by these studies is outlined in the final chapter.

No synthesis has been attempted. Most readers would find the book of greater value if someone had drawn together in one chapter the significant facts and conclusions. The book is primarily of interest to those who seek a detailed knowledge of Puerto Rico. It also represents the most detailed land use study conducted in any part of the tropics, and it is an example of the amount of information that a thorough study can produce.

GORDON D. TAYLOR

Venturing to Canada

by Ray Dorien

(Ryerson Press, Toronto, \$2.50)

Miss Ray Dorien has certainly covered a remarkable amount of Canadian territory, but she is a well practised traveller and it therefore seems strange that she should so often be surprised at things which are not surprising. She travelled economic-

ally, met people in the humbler walks of life, and turned her very considerable powers of observation chiefly on the immigrants, those who were learning to be Canadians, rather than on the Canadians themselves. In this way she seems to have missed something of the grand picture which Canada presents as a whole, and it is rather difficult to see the purpose of the book. She is so intent on discovering things which have already been discovered; yet she displays remarkable enterprise in the process, and made her way from east to west with determination, thoroughness, and the enjoyment of a born traveller.

A few statements seem open to question such as that on page 110 which implies that a man out of work cannot claim unemployment pay for 180 days. What she means is that the worker must have paid his contributions to unemployment insurance for a minimum of 180 days before he is entitled to claim unemployment pay.

More careful proof-reading would have prevented such lapses in grammar as: "Fortunately no job prevented Evelyn and I from talking." The general style of the book is bright and gay, and the reader who buys it will not be disappointed.

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THIS INCREASE HAS BEEN NECESSITATED
BY THE PERSISTENT RISE IN THE COST OF PRODUCTION
OF THE SOCIETY'S OFFICIAL MONTHLY PUBLICATION,
THE CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL



Apart from advertising revenue from the magazine and sale of publications, the Society has no resources except the fees of its members and the benefactions of well-wishers. Lack of funds has led to the curtailment of certain of the Society's activities in recent years, including the granting of Scholarships in Geography. It is hoped that with the additional revenue obtained through the increase in membership dues it will be possible to resume this practice and to assist further in the financing of exploring expeditions and geographical research projects.

The following minute concerning the increase in membership dues was officially recorded at a meeting of the Executive of the Board of Directors held in Ottawa, 6 September 1955:

"That effective 1 January 1956 membership fees and fees for gift memberships paid by non-members be increased from \$4.00 to \$5.00 a year; that there be no discounts on memberships paid for two or more years in advance; and that gift memberships taken out by members be \$4.00 and membership fees for teachers and schools be \$4.00, the deductions from the regular \$5.00 fee to apply only when returns are made direct to the Society."



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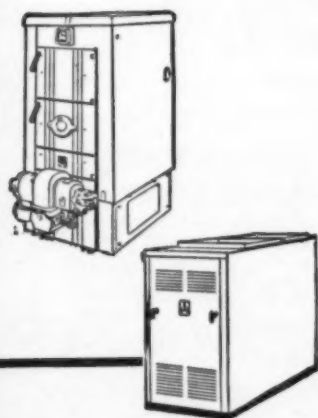
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CAF-22-55

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